



THE

T E A R S

OF

TWICKENHAM.



[ Price ONE Shilling. J

688 L B

Northland

THE  
T E A R S  
O F  
TWICKENHAM.  
A P O E M.

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INVIDIAM placare parat, Virtute relicta.

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L O N D O N :

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M.DCC.LXVI.

*April 29.*

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THE  
T E A R S  
O F  
TWICKENHAM.

HE Meadows \* mourn'd, --- no faery Feet  
T The frost-encrusted Surface beat,  
But Silence rul'd the Hour; around  
Scarce did the Image of a Sound,

B Reflected

\* A delicious Walk, so called, on the Banks of the *Thames*, at *Twickenham*.

Reflected from the Landschape near,  
 Obtrude upon the timorous Ear :  
 What Time, emergent from the Flood,  
 Confess'd a weeping Naiad stood,  
 Who thus, the secret Shores among,  
 Effus'd her melancholy Song.

HINDLEY, --- whose open, generous Heart,  
 Like his own *Thames*, did still impart  
 Pleasure and Profit to the Place,  
 Where-e'er he gave his honest Face ---  
 Held, to enjoy a large Estate,  
 The Maxim is, --- *Communicate*.  
 Dispers'd abroad his Bounty flew, ---  
 No solitary Joys he knew.  
 The Poor, the Rich, the Gay, th' Aggrieved,  
 His hospitable Dome receiv'd ;  
 Where *Plenty*, --- rosy-featur'd Maid,  
 In attic Dignity array'd,

Bore

Bore the full Horn, and freely pour'd  
 Without Profusion, round the Board,  
 Science and Wit here never stand,  
 Smiting the Door with dubious Hand ;  
 But with confirm'd, domestic Air,  
 Came in, and fill'd their easy Chair,  
 The Raptures of the Great and Blest  
 The Master's Sympathy encreas'd,  
 Want had his Alms, and Sorrow here  
 The lenient Med'cine of a Tear.  
 Genius of Friendship ! thou, whose Sway  
 None but the Wise and Good obey,---  
 Say, on the Banks of all the Streams,  
 That rolls the mild, majestic *Thames*,  
 What Fane so sacred dost thou see  
 Vow'd to *Benevolence*, and Thee ?

*Envy,*

*Envy*, the Scene of calm Delight  
 Beheld ; and sick'ning at the Sight,  
 She thus exclaim'd : " Ye Pow'rs below !  
 " Aid me to strike some fatal Blow,  
 " To spoil, or interrupt at least,  
 " The Joys of that continual Feast,  
 " Where I was never known a Guest."

She spoke ; --- and from her horrid Side,  
 Lo, <sup>†</sup>*Grenville* starts, with eager Stride,  
 ( So wont her Dictates to obey )  
 And tore his Fortunes half away ; ---  
 A Stipend earn'd, nay, *bought*, in Truth,  
 By the long Labours of his Youth.  
 That Youth, whose Diligence bestow'd  
 On aught beside the *Public Good*,  
 Might, e'er he wax'd, or faint, or old,  
 Have challeng'd unprecious Gold.

<sup>†</sup> George Grenville turned this *Hindley* out, who was deputy-teller of the Exchequer under Grenville's son, as he had been under Lord Macclesfield.

When

When Age unnerves the Limbs, 'tis vain  
To fight Life's Conflict o'er again.

*Twit'nbam*, the Muses' calm Retreat,  
With Horror view'd the desp'rate Feat,---  
Abuse of heav'n-descended Pow'r,---  
And wept through ev'ry social Bow'r.  
Who would refrain?--- to see that Tide  
Of regal Bounty spreading wide  
Erewhile to all; diverted now  
Through one dark, dirty Channel flow,  
Sullen, and all its Waters take  
To swell th' Oppressor's stagnant Lake?  
Where unemploy'd, quite dead it lies,  
And stinks a Nufance to the Skies.  
While he, in all the Pride of Wrong  
Triumphant, thus employ'd his Tongue:

“ Goddes! to whose eternal Reign,  
“ And thine, o sacred Lust of Gain !  
“ I vow'd myself, and now engage  
“ The G——s of a future Age  
“ In firm Allegiance, at your Shrine  
“ Off'ring this infant Son of mine ;  
“ Like humbled HINDLEY's, be the Fate  
“ Of all those virtuous Fools we hate ;  
“ It *shall*, where-e'er my Pow'r extends,---  
“ What Matter whether Foes, or Friends ?  
“ If by their Life arraigning me,  
“ They dare be gen'rous, and be free.  
“ Inexorably fix'd I stand,  
“ As when *America* her Hand  
“ High rais'd, in agonizing Pray'r,  
“ And begg'd --- conjur'd me but to *bear*  
“ Her Children's Plea, and timely save  
“ A madning Nation from the Grave.

“ Presumption !

" Presumption ! Insult ! though the Strife  
 " Involv'd their Liberty and Life ;  
 " Yet, when opposing my Decree,  
 " What are their Words, or Worlds to me ?

He ceas'd ; --- and thus the Monster speaks, ---  
 The faint Smiles flutt'ring on her Cheeks, ---  
 " Oh, born each drooping Hope to raise,  
 " Accept the Tribute of my Praise :  
 " But for thyself, and P ~~if~~ alone,  
 " Ambition's ever-restless Son ---  
 " Thrice potent Name ! whose magic Sound  
 " Can raise Rebellion, or confound  
 " Falsehood and Truth, make Order dye ; ---  
 " Spirit of Inconsistency,  
 " Whom no weak Rules might ever fix ;  
 " LA MANCHA's *Knight* in Politics,  
 " WHITEFIELD of Eloquence ! in Fame  
 " A new EROSTRATUS ; the same,  
 " Whether

“ Whether by Fire, or by REPEAL,  
“ They sink the Glory of the Weal,  
“ If from the Ruin they can raiſe  
“ Themselves to Wonder, and to Praife: ---  
“ Ah, but for you (with Tears I ſee  
“ Such Souls congenial diſagree)  
“ Those Virtues which we now contemn,  
“ Effulgent from the *Diadem*,  
“ Had ſpread dull Peace the Kingdom round,  
“ And Unanimity been found  
“ In ev’ry Council; --- then my Lot  
“ Had been to dye, and be forgot.  
“ Friend of my Life! take while I live, ---  
“ Take all a grateful Heart may give ---  
“ My Thanks for ev’ry Labour paſt,  
“ Chiefly for This, not leaſt, though laſt;  
“ For in that comprehensive Deed,  
“ Through one, perhaps a thouſand bleed.

The

The Thought a transient Pleasure wakes  
Along her languid Length of Snakes ;  
Which rising, from their various Jaws  
Hiss forth unanimous Applause.

But see ! superior to the Stroke,  
As to the Storm the Mountain Oak,  
The good Man bears his sacred Head,  
Of Knaves and Fools still more the dread ;  
Nor feels, nor to their Fury bends,  
Or feels it only for his Friends :  
Pitys the Poor now half undone,  
And in their Loss forgets his own.

T H E   E N D.

The Tongue is a treacherous Partner  
 Along per insidious Paths to Treachery  
 Which rising from secret Ambition  
 Hid long insidious Ambition  
 All but for you dear Heart I find  
 But feel rebuke of the tongue  
 As to the Story the Monks of Our  
 The good Man was born in the Holy  
 Of Kurna and here this life he led  
 Not less nor more to please the world  
 On these is only for this tongue  
 Still bears to do the world's wrongs  
 Like the Poor now that abhor  
 And in their Poor bodies his own  
 And a man's heart may give  
 For every tongue and T  
 and the other, not least,  
 The tongue of the tongue, is the tongue of the tongue.